

IDEA DIES HARD

Still Strong Belief in Mysterious White Tribes.

Probably Born of That Mystery That Surrounds the Unexplored Portions of the Earth.

For many centuries there has existed in the minds of many civilized peoples a curious fascination with reference to the idea that in remote parts of the tropics, amid the dark-skinned races, there flourish mysteriously isolated white tribes bearing a strong resemblance to the civilized branches of the Caucasian race.

The early adventurers in Central and South America brought home many tales of extraordinary cities beyond the mountains, and vague stories about in South Africa 15 years ago furnished Rider Haggard with a theme for one of his novels.

Legends like these are met in almost all the less explored regions of the world, and they have always certain features in common. The isolated white people almost invariably inhabit a mountainous region in a vague interior, always "just beyond"; they hold aloof from the surrounding races; they are seldom seen, and yet are definitely stated to be more civilized and better educated than the darker masses whom they avoid.

Who they are and whence they came no one knows; native fables afford no explanation. Once it was thought that forgotten white explorers might have built up unknown kingdoms in the wild places of the earth, but upon examination these theories vanish as rapidly as do the white tribes themselves, and the ultimate explanation is almost prosaic.

Yet so strong a hold has the idea gained that even in the beginning of the twentieth century the possibility of the existence of genuine white races has not been altogether scoffed at. Less than twenty years ago an American officer engaged in the operations against the Moros in the Philippines collected apparently substantial evidence relating to a mysterious white tribe in the island of Mindanao. The mountainous district in the center of this island has never been explored and even the coast is not well known.

But along the seaboard many stories are told of the fierce white people who have their home in the forested mountains of the interior. Eyewitnesses depose to having seen a swarthy, fair-complexioned girl, who did not resemble the hills as seen as she was addressed. Other men and women of a light complexion now are said to have been seen by more venturesome natives, who were bold enough to approach the wild mountain district. The American officer was so impressed that he determined to conduct an exploring expedition across the center of the island. But apparently the mysterious white race had vanished for the world has as yet heard nothing of his search being crowned with success.

Arabia, however, can with more reason boast of a white tribe. For years stories of such a race have been told in the Persian gulf, and an American missionary stationed at Muscat alluded some years ago to "coffee house bubble in eastern Oman concerning a mysterious race of light-complexioned people who live somewhere in the mountains, shun strangers and speak a language all their own."

Various theories have been propounded to explain the fable, but probably the explanation is to be found in the narrative of a journey made to Oman in 1876 by Col. S. B. Miles, a British officer. Colonel Miles in the course of his travels came across a town named Sherah, in the heart of the Green mountains. The strange place was perched like an eagle's nest on the top of a great cliff, and was inhabited by people of lighter skin than the rest of the tribes in the interior. They rarely descended to the plains and refused to mix with or intermarry with the Arabs.

Colonel Miles found that they were descendants of a portion of the Persian army that invaded Oman in the fifth century. The isolation of the town and the curious behavior of its people gave rise to exaggerated stories in the bazaars on the distant coast.

Think It Over!

How big is our own particular little universe, which is smaller than a pin-point in comparison with the universe itself?

Photographs taken at the Mount Wilson observatory indicate that light, which travels at a speed of 193,000 miles per second, would take 1,000,000 years even at this pace to travel from one edge of it to the other.

Mr. John Bray, a member of the Astronomical Society of France, calculating on this basis, declares that our universe—relatively microscopic as it is—measures from edge to edge the unimaginable distance of 5,539,713, 000,000,000,000 miles!

He adds that, astronomically, our solar system is small, for it would take 4,000 of such systems placed edge to edge, only to reach the nearest star.

A Changed Man.

"You say Mr. Dubuque is afflicted with golf?"

"I do."

"Is that the proper term to use?"

"If a man neglects his business, his wife and children and is changed from a smiling optimist into a confirmed misanthrope by golf, wouldn't you call it an affliction?"—Birmingham Age Herald.

Why "Colonel" Is Popular.

Another reason why the grand old title of Colonel leads all the rest is, it is so democratic that it spreads its nobility and honor alike in war and peace.—Houston Post.

WORTHY WIFE OF HUN CHIEF

Attila, the "Scourge of God," Had Devoted Helpmeet and Adviser in His Consort Helga.

Attila the Hun was a thoroughly house-trained husband. Helga, the beautiful Norse wife of Attila, was a fitting mate to this barbaric warrior. Amazonian in figure, gigantic in strength, she accompanied him on all his raids. She acted as Attila's aide de camp, his secretary and his chief of staff. She planned the campaigns that led to his ascendancy over most of the civilized world. For all her daring and strength, however, she was still a woman. It had been Attila's custom to carry off the women of the vanquished tribes, but Helga put an end to this, giving as her reason that the women impeded their progress. Her real motive, it is believed, was fear that she might lose her sovereign position. So it became the custom, instead, to kill the women.

Another example of her feminine instinct was the trouble she went to for the sake of her beauty. On all their travels she caused to be brought along a drove of asses, so that she might have her daily bath in their milk.

Helga was as courageous in death as she was in life. After the unsuccessful campaign at Chalons, when Attila was stopped by the Franks and the Romans, the Scourge determined to die rather than face defeat. He built a funeral pyre and was about to climb upon it when Helga approached.

"My lord," she said, "why do you die as you die out to death to others? Behold, it does not hurt."

And plunging her dagger into her heart, she fell dead at his feet.

Attila did not follow her example, neither did he fling himself on the funeral pyre. He gathered new courage, and lived to fight again.

"Filming" the High Places.

Alpine climbing by cinema has at last been achieved, with Mlle. Jasmine, a popular Parisian danseuse, and Ernest Brod, son of a noted French theatrical photographer, as survivors of what is considered the most notable feat of mountain climbing ever recorded, according to an exchange. Of course, great peaks like the Jungfrau and Mont Blanc can be ascended by known routes, but the range known as Charnos, near Chamonix, has always been considered too dangerous for climbing, even by expert Alpinists. Mlle. Jasmine and Brod, accompanied by three men carrying a camera and supplies, succeeded in crossing the whole range and completed four reels of films showing the most perilous chasms, ice slides and countless pitfalls. In some cases Brod was lowered by ropes more than 200 feet over a precipice in order to film Mlle. Jasmine climbing a wall where a second's hesitation or misjudgment would have meant death on the rocks thousands of feet below.

The Secret of the Four.

Anthony Swat was the clever boy of the mathematical class, while Billie Sport was a duffer at the lesson. Anthony was fond of showing off his quickness.

"I say, Bill, do you think you could do a sum? If you saw five chickens in a yard, and you caught one for your lunch, how many would be left?"

Billie thought for a moment and then replied, "There would be four left."

"No," smiled Anthony, with a superior smile. "That's where I catch you; the other four would fly away."

Billie thought hard for a few minutes, then he brightened perceptibly.

"The other four fly away, you say?"

he repeated at last.

"Yes," replied Anthony proudly.

"That's what I said."

"Well, then, didn't they leave? I was correct in saying four left."

Good Pipestem Ruined.

O. S. Boring, deputy clerk of the Indiana Supreme and Appellate courts while in a reverent mood recently, told the following story of the old days of Decatur county:

Old Dan Higdon, a pioneer, was out in the hills with two or three others hauling logs. A big log got away and went down the hillside. Old Dan was only a few yards away and in the path of the log. He dropped to the ground, and the log in careening over the rough ground bounded over him and crashed on to the foot of the hill.

His companions ran to where they had seen him go down, expecting to find his crushed body. Much to their surprise, he got up, shook himself and exclaimed testily:

"Heck, I hit my pipestem in two!"—Minneapolis News.

Prehistoric Relics.

Stone pictures were found by a party exploring the famous caverns in Perigord, France. A stone boulder was unearthed whereon is beautifully engraved a bison being attacked by a serpent. Archeologists say it is thousands of years old, and, perhaps, the most important discovery ever made in the region, where are also found the famous stones of Bergerac. A party of tourists in the Somme-et-Loire district discovered a subterranean cemetery dating back to 400 B. C. A stone coffin, containing a skull and gold trinkets, was unearthed.

Electricity Increasing.

In less than twenty years, the electricity produced in America has increased more than 15 times, until it is now five times greater than the energy that every man in the nation could put forth in a year, working eight hours a day. Obedience to the real "bear for work!"

No Time to Linger.

Bill Steedman says that when he sees an article on "Brain Cells" he hurries on just like he does when he comes to articles on "How to Invest Your Spare Dollars."—Wilmington News Journal.

THE NEW STYLES IN SLEEVES

One Mode Admits of Armcovering Being Made From Two Kinds of Materials.

While the merry war is waged for and against long skirts, and straight or full ones, sleeves are being left to their own devices, and starting us with the originality of their design and distinctly unconventional paths they follow. From the ignominy of being completely annihilated, they have recovered almost first place in our interest today and have assumed sufficient importance to make us regard our present wardrobe with concern, not to say alarm, writes a fashion authority.

Among the many intricate details that are the proud boast of today may be mentioned strappings and buttons, buttons enough to satisfy even a costermonger, and straps enough to bring vague memories of the sleeves of King James, King Charles, and Charles-magne, and all the rest of them including Jack of Spades, and his majesty the king. There are sleeves borrowed from tendorer coats, and sleeves that recall picturesque Hussar uniforms, to say nothing of those of the angel variety, which nowadays one refers to as nun's sleeves. Another feature which has considerable merit is that sleeves may be made from two kinds of materials; the woman who is struggling with the make-over problem will be overjoyed to hear this and to know that she may add four inches or so of straight band down her arm, or make the upper part of her sleeve one color, and the lower part another. Steel nailheads and embroidery and such devices come in handily for the union of these contrasting fabrics, and all manner of embroidery is employed. The idea of using straps as a connecting link either over the fabric or over the arm is not without charm.

SASH ADDS UNUSUAL TOUCH



Scal brown velvet is lavishly trimmed with metal embroidery to make this attractive afternoon gown. The broad ribbon sash adds an unusual touch.

METAL THREAD MAY BE USED

Combined With Colored Embroidery Novelty Provides New Note for Decoration of Gowns.

Rodier has designed some woven trimmings which combine metal threads and colored embroidery in an artistic manner. They are gowns of various widths. In the former type there is a check in the form both of patterns on the serges and materials, and in red design on navy serge with stripes horizontally of red wool, vertically of gold thread. Stripes of different widths in silver are used on a lighter background. Silver thread makes a dainty design on black serge.

In the gowns there are raised designs in such colors as red, gold, green and navy, or dull gold flowers raised on blue and gray. Little tuft effects are frequent, in two tones generally, and achieved by plecting gold and colored narrow braid that is run through the weave.

Conventional designs that give the impression of embroidery are also in the collection as well as large woven patterns in metal thread on a color, such as gold on red. A novel effect is rendered when a metal ribbon seems to have been woven in and out and through braid just a shade wider. Conventional designs in all wool are also to be seen, those having a Greek pattern on the lower edge and a plain openwork effect above.

Rival to Postage Stamp.

Electric, gas, telephone and electric railway rates stand today second only to the two-cent stamp as the cheapest of all commodities purchasable, whether food, fuel, clothing, luxuries or housing.

The World Is Small

By KATE EDMONDS

(As 1920, by Motion Picture Studio.)

"So you are going to marry Ethel Wade?" remarked Fenton as he parted with Gregory Marsh. "Congratulations!"

Gregory smiled contentedly. "I'm the happiest man on earth," he said. "And you marry your dream-girl after all," was Fenton's parting shot as he boarded his train.

"My dream-girl," mused Gregory as he drove slowly home. "I had almost forgotten her—I wonder if I ought to tell Ethel about her?—she might not understand, and then I want no tiny cloud to mar our perfect happiness." But that evening before he retired Gregory dug out an old letter case and took from it a pink chiffon veil and a glittering slipper buckle. Scents of orris wreathed him out of the present and into the pleasing sweet joy of the night in his fledgling days.

The pink veil had been treasured about her fair hair, and the odd buckle of pearls and brilliants he had found in his car—it must have dropped from her little satin slipper. That was his share of her—all he had.

He did not even know her name, yet it had seemed he had been waiting for her all the impressionable days of his youth, and she came and went out of his life like a beautiful dream.

He buried his face in the pink veil and again lived the mad moment of the spectacular fire at the summer resort—the frantic girl who had been rescued him to take her away from the burning hotel where she had been dancing with the gay throng, of his ready complacency and the slipping away of the high-powered car through



Sat Down Beside Her.

the midnight darkness, with the glare of the fire behind and the sobbing girl beside him.

The ride had roused her hysteria, they had talked like old friends, and after a while he left her at a large house where distracted relatives thanked him effusively and invited him within. He had declined.

For the first time in his young life he loved, and he wanted to go away and think about it. He never saw her again and had never been able to locate the house where he had left her. The veil and the buckle he treasured for years—until he met Ethel—then he looked them away and forgot all about them.

Tonight he would burn them—but this resolution was dashed by a telephone call—hurried consultations and such weakness that obliterated it from his memory. The letter case and the mementos were packed in his trunk and accompanied him on his wedding journey.

The wanting of the honeymoon found them motoring along the eastern coast resorts.

"There is a place called 'Harmony,'" suggested Ethel one morning as she studied the road map. "Let us go there, dear."

"Very well," agreed Gregory, but he mused at an unkind fate which had prompted Ethel to select that summer resort. His lovely wife flushed delicately and her blue eyes were radiant.

"Would you mind going there, Greg?" she asked. "There is something I must show you—and tell you."

"Horrible confession"—Mrs. Bluebeard? Ethel Gregory, putting his arm around her.

"Horrid enough," pouted Ethel. "It's about the man who came before you!"

"Piffle! I bet he didn't stay when he was coming," remarked Gregory with complacency. "Some of those youngsters who used to hang around you, dear, are running yet!"

"Such a goose as I married!" sighed Ethel, but there was a cloud on her fair face and a troubled look in her sweet eyes which worried Gregory. He wondered if Ethel was concealing anything from him, and from that tiny doubt came burning jealousy.

They were both unhappy.

"Have you ever been here, Gregory?" asked Ethel as they neared Harmony.

"Once—long ago. It was years and years ago."

She smiled brightly and spoke about the season—it was early, but there were crowds of people on the boardwalk and about the hotels and cottages. "There is the new hotel—at least I call it new. The old one burned when we were last stopping here. I was at the hotel hop that night."

"The night it burned?" he asked incredulously.

She nodded and her cheeks burned. "She knows!" thought Gregory—"the world is small!" Then he said aloud: "Tell me about those days—before you knew me."

She turned her face away. "I must tell you this evening, Gregory—that is why I wanted you to come—there is something I have to say to you."

"Very well, do not let me forget," he agreed, but his heart felt cold and sick. "Somehow she has found out that I have treasured the pink veil—I wonder whatever became of it—I meant to burn it. Perhaps Fenton has babled about my dream girl, confound a garrulous man, anyhow!"

Dinner was eaten in silence and in silence they entered the elevator to their rooms.

When the door was closed he faced her with smiling lips and heavy heart. "Well," he asked, and as he asked it he wished he had never seen or heard of his "dream girl."

He had no love for anyone save his young wife, and this shadow of one night's madness might never over him and shut out the sun of happiness forever.

"Come here, Gregory," said his wife in a cold, little voice.

"In a moment, dear," he said, going to his own trunk in the corner. He searched it thoroughly and was relieved to find the old letter case. With this in his hand he came back to the hearth-rug and sat down beside her.

She was playing with the contents of her jewel box; suddenly something fell to the floor and Gregory picked it up—a slipper buckle of pearls and brilliants.

"This?" he asked dazedly.

"Oh, Gregory, listen—I have been such a foolish, romantic goose—I will not be happy until you know—but I love you only." In a moment she was telling him a story—the story of his dream girl and a most charming youth—unknown since that night, whose dim memory she had cherished for years.

"Is that all?" he asked at last.

"All? Oh, Gregory!" she smiled through her tears, as he produced the note to her slipper buckle, and the pink veil.

"I wore it next to my heart for weeks," he declared.

"Ethel!" she gasped. "How strange we never recognized each other!"

"Never really saw each other that night! This is rich, Ethel!"

"And I am really the only girl you ever—"

"And I am honestly the only man you ever—"

They both disappeared behind the pink veil for an instant. Then Gregory came forth with eyes still dizzy with surprise.

"The world is small," he muttered.

"It's big enough," said Ethel mockingly, "because there's only two people in it just now—"

LIVED IN PHANTOM WORLD

"Ouida," Successful Novelist, Endeavored to Order Existence Like the Characters She Created.

Louise de la Ramme, author of "Under Two Flags," better known by her nom-de-plume, "Ouida," lived in a world of her own creation, peopled with men and women of royal titles and wealth who had mansions and palaces and unbounded luxury. But she lived this phantom world with a semblance of life and often with certain poetry, says W. H. Mallock in Harper's Magazine.

In some ways she was more striking than her books. In her dress she was an attempted exaggeration of the most exaggerated of her own female characters. She occupied a large villa near Florence for many years, and during that time she visited London only once, and then she depicted herself to herself as a personage of European influence charged with a mission to secure the appointment of Lord Lytton as British ambassador to Paris.

"Ouida" made much money and spent much. She tried to live as gorgeously as the characters of her books lived, and was lavish in securing the best and the most beautiful in everything. Friends aided her for a long time, giving her large sums of money for her own comfort, but they found it was like putting water in a sieve, and gave it up. She died in what was a little more than a peasant's cottage at Luca.—Detroit News.

Then He Said It.

Colonel Blank (to orderly)—I've noticed the marines about the post repeatedly using a peculiar expression. Whenever I go lately I hear, "I'll say it is." What's the idea?

Private Smith (formerly of Harvard Law School)—Sir, the phrase you mention is usually spoken in affirmation or approval of some statement recently uttered. The peculiar emphasis it imparts to a truism with which the speaker is heartily in accord has led to its colloquial adoption, I think. Is my explanation satisfactory, sir?

Colonel Blank—I'll say it is.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Dolled Up.

Ethel—Maud Elderly has a remarkably fresh complexion.

Mario—Hasn't she? I never saw such a young head on such old shoulders.—London Opinion.

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